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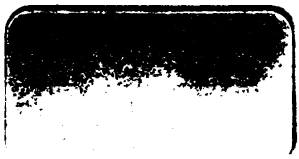

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"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

—Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyâm.
EDWARD FITZGERALD.

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To

My Beloved Father

MANLY TELLO

Soldier, Writer and Lawyer

INVOCATION

WE must seek to fill our days,
With doing deeds in the Master's ways;
For he has given to me and you
Something good in life to do.

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SONGS OF THE SOUL

A LITTLE WHILE

To A. W. B.

HOPE on and bid your soul look up
And wait a little while;
He guides your bark to seas, where you
Will find a happy isle;
Your share of joy He holds for you
Though now the world seems dark.
A dreary hour must pass before
The dawn—then sings the lark!

ALBERT TO HORTENSE

OH! my Belovéd, could you see
What I now see and understand,
You would not grieve despairingly,
And grope in darkness for my hand.

This life is but a little span—
Our love will soar from plane to plane;
When you have wrought the Master's plan,
Then soul to soul we meet again.

Weep not, dear wife, for heart to heart,
We wove the magic warp of love;
No truer could an arrow dart,
Than will your soul to mine above.

Our love will live through all the years
That reach into eternity,
Oh! my Belovéd, dry your tears,
For God will give you back to me.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS

WHEN for comfort, souls are seeking
Converse with the dead,
Need they artificial mediums
To transcribe what's said?
Soul to soul needs no transmitter;
Clearly we can hear
Angel guardians whisper guidance
To the listening ear.

Father, mother, dear departed,
Dry the tear that starts,
They can read the love we bear them
Written on our hearts.
Why not do as old creeds teach us—
Commune with saints above?
To our souls they bring a message
Brimming o'er with love

For the child who trusts his Father,
Infinitely wise,
Puts his hand in His, confiding,—
There contentment lies.
Seek no farther then for guidance,
Darksome though the day,
Just hold tight, and go with Father,
Father knows the way.

GOD'S LEGION

FROM out the ranks of human souls,
God chooses for his Legion—
From those that He has put on earth
To serve Him in this region.
So they are tried; but by His grace
Come reborn from the mire,
Formed anew to do His Work—
Steel-tempered by the fire.

For what knows he of human woe,
Who never suffered aught?
How can he lend sympathy
Who does not know the lot
Of those on whom great burdens weigh
That bear them to the Earth,
While others waste their time pursuing
Phantom joy or mirth?

But God has chosen helpers here,
To comfort those who need
A helping hand, a word of love,
Or kindly deed, to lead
Them on, when, blinded by their tears,
They cannot see the Way.
They, too, will join His Legion, when
His Light illumes their day.

WAITING FOR THE DAWN

("Desire Nothing—Refuse Nothing"—St. Francis Assisi)

FLOATING on the Sea,
My little Boat with me
Drifts out on the Tide
As the Billows glide.
Whither will I go?
Will I gently row,
Or will I wait to see
Which is the Way for me?
Now the Hour grows dark,
And I see no Mark
By which to guide me on,—
I must *wait* the Dawn.

Drifting with the Tide,
Near the Rocks I glide—
Heavy Clouds overcast,
Lightning that might blast,
Now conspire to fright me—
The Dawn *will come* to light me.
Dawn is here at last,
Danger now has passed.
I raise my Sails on high
As energized I fly
Over a sunlit Sea,
Dancing as I flee.

THE EASTER MESSAGE

THROUGH all the ages rolling on,
Now while the nations writhe in pain,
Thy clarion word is heard, anon,—
We sing again the sweet refrain:
He is risen!

The souls enchained and bound to Earth,
At length will burst their bonds in twain,
And lift their hearts in Faith's rebirth
To listen to the sweet refrain:
He is risen!

And those who hunger, thirst, and die,
Whose bones lie blanching on the plain,
At last, with Thee, will time defy,
Ascending to the sweet refrain:
He is risen!

For though the world may writhe in pain,
And armies lie among the slain,
And millions die to be born again,
They wake to hear the sweet refrain:
He is risen!

For as He rose, so we shall rise,
To be with Him in Paradise;
The Son of God died not in vain,
For still we sing the sweet refrain:
He is risen!

FACE TO FACE

SOME day, when the sun is shining,
And His heavenly rays break through,
I shall wake to the joy of believing,
And know that His word is true.

The veil from my eyes will be riven,
And I shall see "face to face,"
The glory of God and His Kingdom,
Revealed in the light of grace.

WHEN THE ORGAN PLAYS

MY soul takes flight and soars above,
As marvels meet my gaze—
On Jacob's ladder, angels rest
And sing, when the organ plays.

Their voices rise in harmony
Beyond all mortal lays;
Their music stirs my inmost soul
To pray, when the organ plays.

Their melody is full of love,
Exalting to God's praise
The suppliants who humbly kneel
To pray, when the organ plays.

THE VISION BEAUTIFUL

"He watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps."

GIVE me back, give me back the rare gift of my childhood,
With its vision unclouded by mundane affairs,
When I pictured the Master, the great loving Father,
Keeping watch from the Heavens absorbed by our cares—
Arms outstretched to enfold us, benignantly beaming—
O, to fly to His bosom, there fondly to rest!
Could aught be more beautiful, aught more in dreaming,
Than on pinions of rapture to be borne with the blest,
There to dwell in His garden with bright love-lights gleaming,
And consoled and content—sink to sleep on His breast?

But now I am old, and my vision is failing,
And the weight of the great, vast unknown oppresses
My soul with its gravity; I cling to the paling—
But I grope to regain the lost visions possessed,
To restore to my soul the dear God of my childhood,
Whose pleasure it is to relieve the oppressed.

A PRAYER

O LORD, give me the grace
To put my trust in Thee,
And do not hide Thy face
When trouble comes to me.

ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP ALONE

"Behold they that see shall cry without,
the angels of peace shall weep bitterly."—Is. 33, 7-9.

CLANGING cymbal, crack of doom,
Flash of lightning, thunder's boom,
Clouds descending, darkness, gloom—
On the mountain-top alone!

All around me furies howl,
Gnashing teeth, malicious, foul,
Vamping, pulling at my cowl—
On the mountain-top alone!

Lonely, homing in alarm,
Fleeing creeping Hate and Harm,
Vainly seeking sheltering arm—
On the mountain-top alone!

Sol comes forth above a cloud,
Faint—I feel his warm breath crowd,
Blue skies break above my shroud—
On the mountain-top alone!

"THROUGH A GLASS"

"WE see now, through a glass darkly,"
Because we are of the Earth;
We shall see with the eyes of the spirit
In the land of our re-birth.

Because God loves us dearly,
He sent to us the Light,
Which "Shineth in the darkness,"
To guide our souls aright.

THE LIGHT ETERNAL

WE follow the Light eternal,
Which may flicker—but never fades,
When the soul seeks afar in service
A perfection which evades.

The tree, with its fruitful branches,
Is an embryo in the mold;
But it seeks the shining sunlight—
When the leaves in the seed unfold.

The sun-flower faces the Sun-god,
So life finds florescence in light—
When the soul of man seeks God
In the struggle to do right.

A SOUL IS PASSING BY

IN the eerie hours of night
I hear a keening cry:
Requiescat in pace!
A soul is passing by.

Through the noisy hours of day
We cannot hear the sigh:
Requiescat in pace!
A soul is passing by.

Each hour are born a myriad
Of those who, too, must die;
Requiescat in pace!
A soul is passing by.

GETHSEMANE

A SUFFERING soul in sorrow's vale
Now pleads for sympathy:
" 'Could ye not watch with me one hour'
In my Gethsemane?

My neighbor of the Happy Heights,
Could you not, lovingly,
Divide your happiness with me,
In my Gethsemane?

To every soul must come, some day,
Its meed of agony;
But blest will be the bountiful
In their Gethsemane."

COMMUNION

WITHIN an humble cottage,
A mother lulls her son;
With angels in communion,
She plans his life begun.

Within a convent chapel
The sisters kneel in prayer,
Absorbed in rapt communion
With saints they vision there.

Within a vast cathedral,
We watch through wistful eyes,
The children, at Communion,
Partake of Paradise.

FIRST COMMUNION

THROUGH rose-strewn paths the sweet procession
Moves slowly up the aisle;
Each face aglow in Faith's profession—
As angel choirs might file.

The white-robed maids with snowy wreaths,
Crowning their flowing tresses,
The altar-boys whose bearing breathes
A reverence love professes.

The happy parents kneeling there,
Now watch with tear-dimmed eyes,
God's "little ones" approach, in prayer,
A Feast His love supplies.

SWEET MOTHER

THROUGH wondrous love, the heart of God
Conceived a glorious plan:—
A struggling world to be shown the Way
By the Son of God made man.

God chose a maid with a snow-white soul
To be the Virgin-Mother;
In poverty, her pathway lay,
The poorest man, her brother.

Her life of labor, prayer, and pain,
Reflects the life of her Son—
Shows womankind the only Way
A heavenly crown is won.

She brought the Light into the world
To shine for you and me,
And following the love-lit Way,
Sweet Mother, we praise thee.

YOUR STAR SHALL GUIDE US

ON Christmas morn, so long ago,
Within a stable mean,
Christ gave a message to the world,
To those His star had seen.

To-day, in spirit, we go forth,
With Three Wise Men of the East,
To follow close the guiding rays,
That lead to His rare feast.

Oh, Holy Babe of Bethlehem,
Raise high our guiding star
To lead to peace a weary world
And keep it aye from war.

O BEAUTIFUL STAR

O BEAUTIFUL star of Bethlehem,
That led three kings of the East,
To the humble home of the Infant Christ—
Lead the faithful to His feast!

Your glorious beams still gleam as bright
As on the first Christmas eve,
And the wise still seek for your rays afar
With the faith of those who believe.

O beautiful Star of Bethlehem,
That shone in the sky's dark dome,
Illume our night, and diffuse your light,
To direct us to our true home.

BEAUTIFUL SOULS

Dedicated to Mary E. Mahan

WHEN heart meets heart, we see at once
The beauty of the soul;
It shines right through the outer sheathe,
No matter what the role.

In times when plague—calamity—
Or death and grief prevail,
These God-sent ones go silently
To help those in the vale.

They hold the cup to fevered lips,
They ease a bed of pain,
They cheer the worn and weary hearts,
Then go their way again.

Like angels moving noiselessly,
They soothe a passing soul;
They bring the message of His love
To those who near the goal.

Beautiful souls are lent to us—
The links in a chain of love,
Reaching from the heart of God
Right back to Him above.

MY SHIP IN THE OFFING

MY ship lies in the offing,
It waits to sail away,
The smiling sea invites me—
I sail at the close of day.

Other ships have left their moorings
To sail to the farther shore,
They bore my near and dear ones
Who have sailed on before.

I work at the Master's bidding,
And when the day is done—
I shall sail on my ship in the offing
It sails with the setting sun.

SEND FORTH YOUR ARGOSIES

SEND forth all your Argosies,
Let none rest at Home—
Better far to breast the Waves
And over Seas to roam—

Carrying rich Cargoes far,
Near welcome Shores to dock—
Bearing Comfort, Hope and Cheer—
Burdened Hearts unlock.

Even though they meet the Storm,
And sink to rise no more—
Still a Wanderer may find
Your Treasures cast Ashore.

LOVE BALM

IF you would heal the wounds of man,
Love is the balm to use—
It flows from loving hearts—and is
A balm that none refuse.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE

THE unregenerate righteous
Who only love the few,
The profligate and prodigal
Who know not what they do—

The anarchist and socialist
Who are so worldly wise,
The laborer and capitalist
Who mingle all their cries—

All circle in a giddy whirl,
Bereft and blinded by
The mote of hate, which magnifies
The beam in the other's eye.

"Lift up your heads!" The light of love
Dispelling mote and beam—
Reveals to man a brother man—
To trust, help or redeem.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY

WE REST THE CASE

SOMETIMES the draft raised to the lips
Is dashed upon the ground;
Our fondest hopes are shattered, and
No comfort can be found.
The world seems dark; until the light
We were too blind to see,
Shows us Thy love, and bids us wait,
And rest the case with Thee.

Sometimes when day is done, and all
Our labor seems in vain;
Discouragement and bitter thought
Obscure the light again;
We cannot sleep, we lie awake
Bewailing destiny—
If we are wise, we close our eyes,
And rest the case with Thee.

Sometimes we think we wield proud fate,
By our mere power of mind—
Build homes, rear towers, or castle Spain,
Forgetting Him—to find
Somehow, our plans are all upset,
And not as they should be;
And then at last, we see the light,
And rest the case with Thee.

BLUE SPECTACLES

THOSE who view the whole wide world
Through spectacles of blue,
See all the wealth and joy of life
Commandeered by the few;
Could they by chance, mislay their "specs,"
They'd see that all depends
On what man "thinketh in his heart,"
And not on what he spends.

He enjoys the greatest wealth,
Who has the grace to rise
To precious treasures of the soul—
God's gift alone supplies.
The man who has a brother-love
For every other man,
Knows well that He who fathers us,
Includes him in His plan.

GIVING

BLOSSOMS culled, more posies bloom,
Pansies plucked, more pansies grow,
Streams that feed insatiate seas,
Still gain volume as they flow.

Souls that share their gifts with all,
Garner love to share again—
They radiate their fragrance, like
Full-blown roses after rain.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL

LOOK over the garden wall to see
The gardens your neighbors grow;
Open your heart, and give them a part
Of some rare seeds you sow.

Our Hands and Hearts raise every day
A crop of Heaven or Hell,
The soul, engrossed in love of self,
Grows only cockles well.

THE GOOD WE *WOULD* DO

EVERY day brings the good we *should* do,
No need to look far afield;
Right at our feet are flowers to be culled,
Rich in the fragrance they yield.

Sometimes we gaze at a far off mirage,
To find the good we *would* do,
Spurning the work lying right at our door,
And fixing our eyes on the blue.

Then some fine soul, just living her life,
As the Lord intended she should,
Does the good work that we *should* have done,
And could have done well, if we *would*.

LIVE TODAY

GIVE not in the briny past,
With tears and sighs galore,
Come build a new and better life,
With what Fate holds in store.

God, Himself, can't change the past,
Why waste your wits with it?
Let's live to-day, and make it pay
In joys, before they flit.

For if you will no joy to be,
Perchance you'll have your way,
Dour winds may blow the lights all out,
And turn to night your day.

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

A WORLD of workers—
Thinkers, builders,
Dreamers, artists,
Writers—workers all;
A vast pulsating host
Of great endeavor—
Working out the Master's plan;
Toiling, sweating,
Grieving—singing,
Playing—resting,
Young or old, weak or strong;
Vainly striving only
Where no love pulsates
From the throbbing Heart of God.

THE DERELICT

SHE had four dark and fetid teeth,
Her hair was white and fine,
Her back had borne its weight, as well
As either yours or mine.

But now she drifts a derelict,
With none to mourn or sigh;
Though she was once as well beloved
As either you or I.

Her mind a maze, her throat a thirst,
What would she not defy?
Yet she was quite as comely once
As either you or I.

And though she drifts a derelict,
Who knows the reason why?
She'll drift back to the Father's port,
As so shall you or I.

"Sit not down in the highest place,"
For when this life slips by,
She may be dearer to His heart,
Than either you or I.

HOW DID YOU PLAY THE GAME?

WHEN Pleasure in the Primrose Path
Beset your soul with guile,
Did you remember Faith and Love
That make this life worth while?

When Trouble came and piled his load
Upon your weary back,
Did you brace-up and carry-on,
Or drop down in your track?

When Death and Danger menaced you,
And Fear came armed to slay,
Did you buck-up and face the fight,
Or did you run away?

When life's great Scorer marks the card,
He will not ask for fame,
Nor, "Did you win or lose?" but—
"How did you play the game?"

LIFE'S A *WAITING* GAME

WE wait for this, we wait for that,
And nothing's just the same
As what we want, but cannot have,
For life's a *waiting* game.

When we are tots, we wait to grow,
Perhaps to then win fame,
But when we're grown, we still wait on,
For life's a *waiting* game.

The ignis-fatuus of life
Is often but a name;
We pass by treasures in its quest,
For life's a *waiting* game.

THE FULFILMENT OF LIFE

BRICK by brick, and block by block,
Through love and labor, grief and strife,
Stone on stone is laid, and thus
We build the edifice of Life.

Troubles meantime will appear
Cluttering our weary ways,
Endless duties, never done,
Will fill up our dreary days.

But some day we find ourselves—
Rising from the dismal murk,
Leaving heartaches far behind—
Prepared to do our chosen work.

CHASING BUBBLES

BABY cries for the moon in vain,
Or he chases through the lane,
After bubbles as they rise,
Or the lovely butterflies,
So do we, our whole lives through,
Like the baby, chase joy, too,
Looking for delight in life—
See it vanish in the strife.

Or we grasp a long sought toy,
And we find it part alloy;
Like the baby, our obsession—
We'll be happy in possession;
Seeking in some new endeavor,
Pleasure that evades us ever;
Missing all the blossoms growing
Along the way that we are going.

KEEPING UP WITH TIME

(Convalescing)

WHEN Death peers in, but passes by,
We start the race again; a sigh—
Or one deep breath to brace us up—
For old Time runs to win the cup.
He never stops, when mortals die,
Though their estate be low or high,
The hours may lag and drag the day,
But still he paces out the way.
The strong may go—and yet hold sway
Long after spirit leaves cold clay;
For each fulfils a destined place
In God's good plan for old Time's race.

WORK

IN days of old, men envied
Those who had no work to do;
But now we know we are happy,
Because *we* are working, too.

Both rich and poor, in labor,
Find Content and Peace of mind;
They dwell in homes of the lowly,
As well as the princely kind.

In Heaven, as Kipling sees it,
We work for joy of the thing;
God is the Master Workman,
And to Him our work we bring.

THE VICTIM

OLD Envy is a hungry fiend,
Who must be fed forever;
His victim cannot slacken speed,—
He must out-run Endeavor.

Unsatisfied, he scans the road,
And those who pass him by
Just fill his nose and eyes with dust—
He must out-do or die.

Fair Fortune's charms do not enchain—
He runs at Envy's roar,
And spurns the good that God provides,—
He must explore for more.

SOMETHING GOOD IN LIFE TO DO

JOY and peace dwell in the soul,
They are not found in a flowing bowl;

If we do each day the thing
To be done, it surely peace will bring.

If we look at the things of life,
So trifling, yet so full of strife,

We'll always find twixt right and wrong
There lies the way to joy and song.

The wasters, who spend all their line
In angling after love and wine,

Will shortly wake, and surely find
Their joy was false, and Fate unkind.

The dreamers, who are dull and dead,
Depend on drink to buoy their lead;

They never know the peace of mind,
Which those who search will ever find.

We must seek to fill our days,
With doing deeds in the Master's ways;

For He has given to me and you
Something good in life to do.

ALL THE WORLD'S AKIN

WHEN all is done and said, we know,
Despite the skeptic sneer,
That "many men of many" creeds
Hold mankind's progress dear.
They are a phalanx fighting hard
To bring the day more near,
When each will see in other men—
A brother-man to cheer.

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN

IF "The Colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady,
Are sisters under the skin,"
Then the Colonel himself and Judy's dad
Are brothers and akin.
The Democracy of Brotherly Love
"Is old as old can be,"
Yet not too old to make good laws
To suit both you and me.

A LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE

LOVE reigns! All life is good! The Earth
Is decked in summer hue,
Song birds are caroling beneath
A canopy of blue;
But suddenly the clouds roll up,
And rush to meet the sun,
The sky in fury, lowers over,
The leaves are on the run,
The angry clouds blot out the day
And heavy drops fall fast;
A blinding flash, the thunders crash,
The North-wind blows his blast;
The happy birds, in utter rout,
Now flee with cries of fear,
The sweet day flies, before our eyes,
In a drizzle cold and drear.

And thus with life! One hour the heart
Is bubbling up with joy,
The next, unhappy thoughts expressed
In passion, may destroy
The wondrous peace which filled the soul.
The day is lost! The bliss
That but an hour ago could fill
The glass with one fond kiss!
Mean doubts and angry thoughts torment
The mind, charge it with grief;
The vandal Strife has torn from "The Book
Of Life," a precious leaf.

How can it be that love so sweet,
Completing hopes and dreams,
Should prove so evanescent, and
As fleeting as light-gleams?
The soul beholds the wreck, and choked,
Despairs, in dumb dismay;
In anguish far too deep for speech
In silence, is at bay.

Look up! What's this? There's naught amiss!
The thunder clouds roll by,
The flowers nod, and tell their love
Beneath the smiling sky.
The song-birds twitter in the trees,
The clouds with sighs now soft
And blown by warm and gentle winds
Form fairer skies aloft.

Then eyes of love look back with faith
Into eyes of love again,
To beg forgiveness for the pain
That tore two souls in twain;
For those who love will mend heartaches
By tender wiles, perhaps
Endearing terms, caresses fond,
That seem more sweet for lapse.

The Maker guards "The Book of Life"
With its leaves of peace and joy;
Love mends the rent, when vandal Strife
Breaks in and would destroy;
Then as of yore, the sun comes up,
The birds chirp as before,
For all the world is full of love
It's good to live once more.

LOVE AND LABOR

WHEN Love and Labor marry
The world will live in peace;
Then both will work together,
And all our wars will cease.

SONGS OF HOME

"By gleaming sand in sun-kissed land
Where Bougainvilleia grows;"

PENNSYLVANIA

I TRAVELED long in balmy climes
That know not wintry snows
By gleaming sand in sun-kist land
Where Bougainvilleia grows;
Where orange groves with golden globes
Reflect the flashing sun—
The great Sierras mount and soar,
And roaring rivers run.

But Oh! for Pennsylvania, and
A day in dewy May—
The sweet fresh green of early spring
And wild flowers on the way;
The shady wood where trilliums
And nodding violets grow
With ferns in dark moist soil,
Mellowed by wintry snow.

Narcissus and anemone,
And trailing trumpet vines,
The laurel and geranium
With finely painted lines;
Pond-lilies floating on the streams
That water fields in flower
With buttercups and daisies white
Fresh from a limpid shower.

The farm-house in its woody nook,
The red barns here and there;
The fruit trees massed with fragrant blooms,
The bushes, flowering fair;
The wide-spread oak and maple, too,
The birch with shining bark,
The dog-wood and our loved nut trees
That grow in forest dark.

My Pennsylvania, I love you
And your refreshing rains
That make the sleeping plains produce
Your fields of growing grains!
Your sky, whose blue is tempered by
The great white clouds of rain
That shower the thirsty, thankful earth
To make it flower again.

GORDON PARK

(Lake Erie, Cleveland, Ohio)

IN the dear old days when we all rode a wheel,
And I longed for a bit of a lark,
Fairly mounted on Pegasus, I paced away
And raced for Gordon Park.
Down broad avenues, under tall arching trees,
To the beach by the beautiful Lake—
Just to look across waters with whitecaps afoam,
My thirsty soul to slake.
Over the vast blue expanse I would wing,
To the line where the Lake meets the sky,
Dipping deep in its beauty to fly back refreshed
And wheel away home bye and bye.

CHARTIERS VALLEY

(A Motor Spin in Spring)

LET'S take a spin and loop the loop;
O what a day to hike!
We'll start from Ingram's bonny heights
For Thornburg and the Pike.

The new-born leaves are peeping out,
For spring is in the air;
Its freshness permeates the day,
The birds chirp everywhere.

We'll round Bell's corners—down the slope,
And skirt the pebbly Run,
And climb along Snake-Hill to view
Its canyons but begun.

With leafy greens and yellow sprouts
All sparkling in the sun—
(They make us feel like laughing, too,
This looping is such fun.)

To Coraopolis, with stops
At farms along the way,
For purchases of fresh-laid eggs
Or broilers for next day.

We reach our broad Ohio, now,
And cross the bridge, to see
Sewickly's mansions top the Heights
They grace so gorgeously.

Once more through wood and vale we run,
  On, on, through Perrysville—
Loop back to Beaver Road again,
  And down the rolling hill.

Beyond the bridge, we come abreast
  A country sweet with spring,
A level stretch is now in view,
  We take it on the wing—

Bell's Pastures—famed for blooded stock,
  On Cliff-Mine Road—we pass
The lowing cows and bleating lambs
  A-nibbling new-grown grass.

On Steuben's Pike and Campbell's Run
  The blossoms are in bloom—
They scent the way Carnegie-ward,
  And violets bank the flume.

From Creighton Road to Crafton, with
  The breath of new-turned loam,
We take the Ridge and Wind-Gap Road
  And loop the loop back home.

A STUDY IN GRAY

AS twilight falls on Pittsburgh hills,
A fairy vision comes and goes
Through screens of April rain. Behold—
Ed Bigelow stands in Schenley Park
And sees the scene unfold: a group
Of stately buildings loom in mist,
Their ghostly grandeur veiled in gray.
The glowing lights through opaline globes
Illume broad avenues, that wind
And glisten, limpid as a lake,
Or gleam with mirrored, radiant orbs
Of autos fleeing from the fog.
The Library, St. Paul's twin spires,
Tech School, the Monument, the Mosque,
Block out their bulky forms, dark gray,
Mysterious, and vast—to fade
Away, beneath the dense gray veils
Which drape the city, while it sleeps.

THE OLD ROAD

THE old winding road creeps along through the vale
From the rim of the topping ridge;
Through dense wooded slopes and green pasture land
To God's Acre beyond the new bridge.

On a bright dewy day, it's a sylvan delight,
As it climbs around the curve of the hill,
With the little brick school in the turn of the road,
Like a pretty Swiss Chalet or Mill.

When the sun sheds vermilion, purple and gold,
And soft lights in the Gap are glowing,
The birds seek their nests, and a small screech-owl calls
While the cows in the meadow are lowing.

But it's fairest of all, on a rare winter day,
In the valley—so softly snowing—
The icicles pendant on low bending boughs,
With the blustering wintry winds blowing.

SUNRISE

THE dawn rolls up a golden haze
Veiling vermilion planes—
A flaming orb, ascending, floats
Above the clouded lanes.

LOVE, THE GAMBLER

A KITTEN, crying in the cold,
A mongrel pup, astray,
A baby wailing, motherless,
Love *hears* along the way.

But Love will take the kitten home,
The mongrel gone astray—
The baby lacking pedigree,
For Love *will find* a way.

Love will not flee self-sacrifice,
Be chances what they may;
But follows when the good Heart leads,
True Love must win the day.

GOD'S GIFT

A Cheerful Friend

THE little word L-O-V-E
Means kindly deeds to some;
A trifling gift, perhaps a rose,
Bears love when lips are dumb.

A loving soul sheds happiness;
What sweeter gift to send
Than one who lends his heart to you—
God's gift, a cheerful friend?

WATCH WITH ME

Dedicated to Watson P. Phillips

THE human heart craves sympathy;
In His Gethsemane,
Even the Master, pleading, said,
"Could ye not watch with me?"

Companion of my happy hours,
Will you not lovingly
Enfold me, when the Master calls,
And wait and watch with me?

To every soul must come, some day,
Its hour of agony;
But even death I may defy
If you will watch with me.

In long dread hours of dreary nights
Of dire anxiety,
When shadows hover over us—
Yet you will watch with me.

For we together, love, will meet
This life's Gethsemane,
I shall not fear the future year
For you will watch with me.

MOTHER-LOVE

FOR years I've dreamed the sweetest dream:—
A baby's little form
Is cuddled close against my breast,
Its tiny body warm.
Its little hand clings tight to mine,
Confiding to be led;
Its childish prattle, laugh and fun
Quite fill the years ahead.

I catch my breath and face the fact:
No baby's little form,
Will ever nestle close to me,
Its tiny body warm;
No little hands will cling to mine,
Confiding to be led.
I look into the future—
The lonely years ahead;

My throat contracts, I feel the ache,
The void of mother-love,
No little soul with loving tricks
Was lent me from above;
No baby mouth will form for me
The words of all most sweet,
And "mother," "father," lisp to ears
Attuned the sound to greet.

NEMESIS

A LOTUS-EATER ever,
  Drifting with Lorelie,
Daring Fate to sever
  The life-lines lying nigh;
Stranded on desert sands,
  I longed for the love I knew—
The dear familiar lands
  Where the flowers of friendship grew.
Out of a dismal past,
  Love, like a lode-star, drew
My soul to soar at last
  Back to my love for you.

But when again we met,
  Eyes once alight for me—
How could such eyes forget?
  All that I dreamed you'd be—
With gifts of God endowed,
  But ah! for me remote—
As cold as a cirrus cloud
  In an azure sky afloat;
Like wraiths, each to his plane,
  A new life to begin,
We drifted on again—
  O Love that might have been!

HOMING

To W. P. P.

THE dear little nest up under the eaves
  Out of the wind's cold reach,
The dear little home up on the cliff
  Above the pebbly beach!
The rain may beat on the window-pane,
  The snow pile around the door,
But at our fireside love-lights glow,
  What more has life in store?

We sit and talk in the hearth's warm light,
  While dying embers glow,
And know the charm of loving hearts
  What though the cold winds blow?
Though sorrows weigh and trials come
  Our stay will be our love;
We'll get together around the hearth
  And God will smile above.

Homing! Homing! Dearest, sweetheart,
  Back to our love-nest hieing;
Homing! Homing! Dearest, loved one,
  Back to our fireside flying.

AMERICANIZATION

"HALT! Who goes there?"
Our sentries challenged in our World War stations—
And twenty foreign tongues in unison replied:
"A friend."

Let's emulate our soldier-sons in their amalgamation,
Extending to each stranger-soul, the welcome of—
A friend.

And when the alien in our land adopts his new relations,
Let's open wide our schools to him—teach him to be
A friend.

Let's turn deaf ears to petty strife of all denominations,
And meet the representatives of each—and greet
A friend.

Our fleeting life is far too short for futile limitation,
Let's prove to each who seeks a home—America 's
A friend.

Let's work together for ideals—the glory of our Nation—
And to the challenge: "Who goes there?" let each reply:—
"A friend."

CALIFORNIA VERSES

"—— a mountain-torrent plunging on
Illumed in the sunset glow:"

THE OLD PACIFIC SHORE

(Motoring six thousand miles in the Golden State in the Springtime)

WE catch the glint of gleaming sand
And dunes festooned with bloom,
As we speed along the King's Highway
Where the bold Sierras loom;
Past Torrey Pines and fair Delmar,
With the campers on the beach:
And the Mission of San Luis Rey,
Where the padres used to teach.

We watch the sinking sun at sea,
And the billows break with a roar,
When we pause at close of day to rest
By the old Pacific shore,
Then on our way in the morning mist
As Sol comes over hills
Abloom with leas of lupine blue,
And watered by rippling rills.

Along the banks, the lilacs bend,
And the roads are hedged with flowers
Of delicate yellow, blue and pink,
Waving their willowy showers.
The orange groves in ornate rows,
With their golden globes aglint,
Form shadowy aisles where poppies grow
Reflecting their mellow tint.

Ripe fruit and nut-groves flank the roads
Where miles of roses trim them;
The red-wings perch upon tall reeds,
As the Orient loves to limn them;

The squirrel flirts his fluffy tail,
  The "road-runner" clears the way,
The fox slips by and the quail take flight,
  As we motor through the day.

The shepherd leads his hungry sheep
  With Billy, the goat bell-wether,
The barking dogs and bleating lambs,
  All patter by together;
The cow-boy guides his cattle on,
  As we wait beside the road,
While he drives a great, unruly steer,
  On up the slope with a goad.

We slowly climb the canyon-spiral,
  And glimpse a mine below,
And a mountain-torrent plunging on
  Illumed in the sun-set glow;
Emerging from the narrow gorge,
  We burst on the Ocean blue,
Begirt with rugged rocks and cliffs,
  Which the sailor learned to rue.

We speed along the King's Highway,
  On the Old Pacific Shore,
Where the fog-bells ring their mournful knell
  For the fleets—lost ever more;
Beyond the beach, all strewn with bloom,
  We behold the Golden Gate—
St. Francis Bay and its floating ships—
  In their stately beauty wait.

"Above Yosemite Valley
In the Merced River bed"

THE BEATIFIC VISION

I SLEPT one night at Wawona,
Where steep Sierras rise—
Nine-thousand feet of pine-clad heights
Up to the sun-lit skies;
Here Half Dome and El Capitan
Each rears a rugged head
Above Yosemite Valley,
In Merced River bed.

The barking dogs and bleating lambs,
The shepherd and his sheep,
Were passing upward in the dark,
They waked me from my sleep.
I thought of souls—a silent host,
Who plod by day and night
To reach the grassy highlands, where
Nothing obscures the light—

The weary workers of the world,
Who spend their days in labor
Or doing deeds that must be done
For love of God or neighbor,
To find release and peace, at last,
When they have reached the height,
And Beatific Vision
Delights their failing sight.

MONTEREY CYPRESS

THE Cypress trees at Monterey
Have seen the angry sea,
Their gnarled and mournful, spectral forms
Record sad history.
With wide-flung desolate limbs all wrung
In desperate agony—
They seem to writhe, as the wind sweeps through
And sway despairingly.

They softly sigh for the sunken fleets
Now driftwood on the shore—
For loss of lives, whose knell was tolled
By fog-bells, in the roar
Of thundering seas, that mountain high,
Bore freights to break on rocks
Where now mild seals in sunlight loll
While the old Pacific mocks.

The Sentinel Cypress on the cliff,
Still watches all alone,
And mutely warns stray craft away,
And the deep keeps up its moan;
But the sun smiles on the sparkling dunes,
Where wild verbenas grow,
As he sinks to rest on the ocean's breast
While the day dies in his glow.

"Their wide-flung desolate limbs are wrung
In their desperate agony—
They seem to writhe, as the wind sweeps through
And to sway despairingly."

ASILOMAR*

THE flowers around Asilomar
Are blooming all the year,
Blue fields of lupine match the sky,
While golden stars grow near.
Wild lilacs deck the bending cliff
Where the rollers leap with a roar,
And the wind whistles in the tall pine-trees
On the old Pacific shore.

The sun sets over dunes and sea
As the waters bathe the sand,
The fog-bells ring a mournful dirge
For the wreckage on the strand;
We gather around a great bonfire,
In the old moon's lambent rays,
And we sing sweet songs of long ago
As we dream of other days.

Asilomar amid the drifting dunes
Where the rollers leap with a roar,
And the wind whistles in the tall pine-trees
On the old Pacific shore.

*California and the Western states hold their Y.W.C.A. conventions at Asilomar, California.

A PASADENA COCKTAIL

(Drink Under a Pepper Tree)

A BREATH of orange blossoms,
A dash of rose perfume,
A glimpse of eucalyptus
And all the flowers that bloom,
With a whiff of ocean breezes—
Far better than old wine!
In view of famed Mt. Wilson
In a bower of God's sunshine.

SUNKIST MAIDS OF THE SUNSHINE STATE

(To the nurses at Pasadena Hospital)

BLUE-EYED or brown-eyed, buxom or tall,
Sunkist and sun ripe, sweet maids they are all,
Plump ones and slim ones, all radiant-skinned,
Sunlight reflecting, tanned by soft wind.

Eyes give back glancing, the light shining there,
Lips ripe for kisses, and gold gleaming hair,
Cheeks softly glowing and rounded to love,
Sunripe and sunkist by sunshine above.

"In view of famed Mt. Wilson
In a bower of God's sunshine"

AT CARMEL BY THE SEA

(Dedicated to Junipero Serra)

THE Cypress Sentinel keeps watch
Upon the rocky ledge,
He waves his gnarled and twisted arms,
The billows splash the edge.
The sea-mew soars and calls her mate,
The seals bask in the lee;
A friendly light warns craft at night
At Carmel by the Sea.

Here lies Junipero Serra
In the Mission in the dell—
San Carlos de Carmela—
Where the fog-bells sound his knell;
He gave us California,
A man of God was he;
The reverent pilgrim bows his head
At Carmel by the Sea.

Five hundred miles of the "King's Highway"
He trod with tireless feet;
And founded missions all the way,
Despite the cold or heat.
He taught the red-man love of Christ—
And all he ought to be,
To glean his gifts from hill and dale
At Carmel by the Sea.

The mission bells a day apart,
  Rang out as he passed by
Or heralded his coming;
  Blue lakes of Lupin lie
On mountain-side—with lilacs fringed.
  Old live-oaks dot the lea,
Along the path-way to the cove
  At Carmel by the Sea.

A cross is raised to his memory
  *On lofty Rubidoux,**
Here Easter morn at sunrise,
  Blithe anthems, apropos,
Arise from souls, whom love of God
  Unites perennially;
They sing of the Christ Fra Serra served
  At Carmel by the Sea.

*About twenty thousand Christians of various denominations meet on Mt. Rubidoux, Easter Sunday at sunrise for religious services. The author of *Missions and Missionaries of California,* Fr. Zephyrin Englhardt, O.F.M. uses the above in his new work on Carmel Mission.

WAR VERSES

THE TORCH-BEARER*

(Dedicated to the dauntless Joyce Kilmer)

HE leads his comrades on! He bears on high
The torch! With vision bright, by its clear light
All values true by them are seen aright.
No mundane joys enslave his soul. The cry
Of anguished hearts, defenseless, trodden by
The iron brutal heel of Prussian might,
Destroys his peace. To succor these, to fight
For Freedom's rights, he hastes, if but to die.

No shackles bind this deathless life to Earth!
He leads with dauntless courage to the fray.
He knows that he, again in that re-birth
Will live, when dawns that other radiant day,
When he will join his Captain—Christ. Well worth
The price, with Him—a conquered world to sway.

*In answer to his last poem—a sonnet,—"The Peacemaker."—Joyce Kilmer.

JOE DUFF*

OF the A. A. G. at Princeton,
A famous football star,
Once coached for "Pitt" and "N. C.,"
Before the Great World War;
Then went to train at Niagara—
To memorize wasn't hard,
He read eye-tests as he *heard* them,
But the tester turned the card.

Undismayed, Joe still persisted—
Got a doctor to pass him on;
Corporal, sergeant, lieutenant—
Commanding a gun at Argonne—
He fought with the "Fighting Devils"
Who broke the Hindenburg Line—
And died as he lived—a fighter—
For all that's great and fine.

THE SACRIFICIAL ELEVEN

THE All American Guard
Of the Princeton great *Eleven,*
Each one a football star—
In the year Nineteen-*Eleven;*
Strange, eight were killed in the War
Before November *Eleven.*
Of thirteen gunners from Longre
Dispatches reported *Eleven*
In a fortnight dead at Argonne,
Our Joe, October *Eleven.*

*Second Lieutenant Machine Gun, 125th Inf., 32nd Division.

CAPTAIN CHARLES L. McLAIN
110th Inf., 28th Division

AMERICA*
AT CHATEAU THIERRY

(Dedicated to Capt. Charles L. McLain)

THE dawn is cold and dark; the mist spreads out and tops the hill—
The alert sounds loud to the sleeping boys, who rise in the morning's chill,
To charge through "No Man's Land"—their Captain leading with a will
At Chateau Thierry.

But when half way across that terrible expanse, he lays
His life upon the altar of dear victory's dire ways,
His Lieutenant leads onward, but the dying leader stays
At Chateau Thierry.

And when a few yards further, overtaken by sad fate,
Our fine Lieutenant falls, with his last breath he calls his mate,
Who takes command and leads in carnage which does not abate
At Chateau Thierry.

A strippling now, but one with love of country burning high,
Runs up, and leads his comrades on, to reach the Marne and die;
The Sergeant next, then leads in turn, but, with the dead to lie
At Chateau Thierry.

*To be used in Mass. Anthology of Miss Stephenson.

In days to come, when peace prevails, and veterans gather round,
They'll proudly tell of glorious deeds, how a soldier brave was found**
Among the ranks, to lead through fearful odds to win Boche ground
At Chateau Thierry.

They marched to win 'mid bursting bombs, hot liquid fire, and gas,
With rumbling, tumbling tanks, machine-guns charged! to die alas!
But dying fighting, shouting as they fought: "They shall not pass!"
At Chateau Thierry.

So these brave sons, though young, so true,—the flower of manhood—lie
On battlefields, the sacrifice, nor asked the "reason why";
Could their dead lips but speak again, 'twould be to proudly cry:
"Remember Thierry!"

Chorus:
The U. S. A. My America!
Thy braves have led the bravest of the brave
To victory! Democracy to save!
At Chateau Thierry!

(The above may be sung to the music of *The Battle Hymn of The Republic.* **Cable dispatch, published in Pittsburgh, Ch. *Telegraph,* March, 1920, told of this actual occurrence to Capt. Charles McLain of Indiana, Commander of Company F. 110th, U. S. Inf., at Chateau Thierry, all the officers of his company having been killed or wounded, he rallied the remaining troops and led them on to victory. He was decorated for the same. His Division, the 28th, ranks fourth in losses. He was still in France with the 28th Division, 1920, therefore the author could not get his permission to dedicate the above lines to him, and hopes that he will pardon the liberty taken. Published under title *America Carried On* or *America Carry On, Naval Reserve* Magazine, September 30, 1918. Indiana *Evening Gazette,* January 13, 1919, etc. Pittsburgh *Post,* May 30, 1921.

AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE

VON BOEHM with six divisions,
July the fourteenth day,
Crossed the Marne by pontoon bridge
Bound for Paris Highway.
On Sunday morning early
Artillery began,
Increased to steady drum-fire,
Which spread out like a fan,
Enveloping the Ninth and Tenth,
Who manned the trenches there
From Conde, Hill to Forest Rouge—
Bombardment everywhere.

But Companies B and C hold
Near Juilly in the curve—
Where Marne's deep water parts the Huns
From men who will not swerve
Though gas and shrapnel barrage
In hellish sheet of flame,
Pours down upon the "Fighting Tenth",
Who hold on—and die game.

On Ninth and Tenth at Grand Chateau
Fell iron hail and shell,
And mustard gas burned sorely
Their bodies in that hell.
They manned machine guns singly
And fought for four days well,
Till French chasseurs and brave reserves
Came rushing up pell-mell.

The bloodiest field of battle
Was Hill Two-Hundred Four
Where men of the Third Division
Defied the cannon's roar!
They vied with Pennsylvanians
For honors on the Marne;—
There many of them died bravely
Beneath that rugged cairn.

July Eighteenth* from Foch, comes
The order to attack.
On high our fighting airmen
Of vigil show no lack.
On foot, by truck and tank come
Our soldiers in great form;
Artillery, machine-guns,
Across the country swarm.

From St. Agnau to La Chappelle,
Our forces gather now;
The "Twenty-Eighth" with "Devils Blue"
Then show Hun fiends just how
To meet death-dealing armaments:—
Brigades of calvary
Rush forth amid clank of tank—
Rumbling artillery!

Barrage of gas *Americain*
On German front is laid;
A slow soft wind and friendly
Glides through the forest glade,
The "Devils Blue" then rush the hill,
Press on! The summit pass!
Defeated, beaten Huns
Recross the Marne, *en masse.*

*July 18th—Chateau Thierry Day. "On that date the unbroken line of American and Allied victories was begun."—House Resolution, proposing to celebrate the day as a National Holiday.

Facts from Rev. Dr. Francis A. La Violette's account in the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph.* A letter of acknowledgement of pleasure on receiving a copy of *The Second Battle of the Marne,* and other poems relating to the late War, from General Edward Martin (Waynesburg, Pa.) states: "Many of them refer to my regiment or men connected with it. I wish to thank you for your kindness and hope that you may continue to please the people by giving us more of your production."

Revised Divisional records announced March 8, 1919 by General March, showed total casualties of American Army in France to be 240,197, including killed, wounded, missing and prisoners. Greatest losses shown by the Second Regular Division, 24,429. The first Division next with 23,973. The Twenty-Eighth Pennsylvania led National Guard and National Army Divisions, being fourth in the list with 14,417. The Thirty Second was fifth with 14,268; Forty-Second (Rainbow) 12,252; Seventy-Seventh 9,423; Twenty-Sixth (New England) 8,955; Twenty-Seventh (New York) 7,940; Thirtieth 6,893.

A letter from Rev. Dr. Francis A. La Violette, on receiving a copy of *The Old Fighting Tenth,* which at that time also included the *Second Battle of the Marne,* states: "You surely were attentive and got the story, and put it into the most concrete form. I wish you would send me a printed copy." Dr. La Violette had come straight from the scene of battle.

THE ATTACK ON CHATEAU THIERRY HOSPITAL*

BACK, Back, across the Marne again,
We hurled the wanton foe;
The Huns took up fresh guns, to pour
More woe on those below.
The cannon rumbled, overhead
The shells ripped to and fro;
In ghastly glare, the signal flare
Outlined the old Chateau.
Within, the gassed and wounded men
Were crowded to the doors;
American—and German, too,
In halls and on the floors—
Men shocked by shells and mad with fear
Or gasping, choked for breath,
While surgeons filled with pity—
Fought grimly there with death.
The motors sped amid the roar
Over the moonblanched road,
To leave the bleeding at the door
And speed for another load.
There massed—in turn they waited,
Incomparably brave,
The men who gave their life-blood
Democracy to save.

The midnight found the yellow moon
On high in a starless dome,
In mellow light, the white cross showed
With its charges, far from home.
Then suddenly, its rays were cleft—
A buzzard, black as night
Whirled, and swooped, and nearer came
To take its aim aright.

*Facts from Elizabeth Frasier's account in *Saturday Evening Post.*

With blinding flash, and deafening roar,
A bomb, descending, crashed:
A tent was torn and slit to bits,
And whistling missiles flashed.
The maimed left beds and crawled beneath;
Their bandages were sundred,
The shelled men yelled and ran amuck,
—Another bomb then thundered.
Twin-motors, rhythmic, vibrant, roared
Three-hundred metres high,
The surgeons worked with blanching cheeks—
The shrapnel hurtled by;
A third terrific crash then rent
The Chateau window-sashes,
—The clouds of acrid smoke arose
Amid shrieks and blinding flashes;
But now the anti-aircraft guns
Their target find at last;
The whir of wings becomes more faint—
The vandal scurries past.

Began again, —love's labor—
The maimed souls to retrieve—
From under beds and all about,
The suffering to relieve.
The tranquil moonlight lingered on
To flood with its calm rays
The hospital and workers brave
So worthy of high praise.
The German cannon boomed aloft,
But ours boomed louder still;
The Prussian foes were on the run—
To run through God's own mill.

AT BELLEAU WOOD*

WAR-weary poilus backward trek
To trenches and barb-wires—
Eighteen miles from Paris—
To die for loved home-fires;
Arrested by a wave of song,
They hear: "The Yanks are coming!"
Behold! Eight thousand "Devil Dogs"
March on! To "drums rum-tumming."

A racing motor speeding
Brings orders now from Foch:—
"Retreat when you have covered us,
Nothing can stop the Boche."
Marines march on, still singing—
"To H—l with retreat", said Wise,**
"The Boches will be retreating—
We just got here", he cries.

Near Meaux they met the Prussian,
June first, Nineteen-Eighteen,
The sun rose on a beaten France,
To be redeemed by even.
The Prussian coming swiftly—
Quite sure of victory,
Gripped with the Fifth and Sixth Marines—
His valedictory!

The Devil Dogs, victorious,
Pressed into Belleau Wood.
Breasting its nests of death, they rushed
The gunners where they stood.

*Facts from William Almon Wolff's account *Cosmopolitan*, January, 1919.

**Lieut. Col. Frederick M. Wise, U. S. Marines.

COLONEL FREDERICK M. WISE
Fifth Marines, 2nd Division
(Taken when captain)

Poilus and Pennsylvanians
Joined them to faze the Hun,
They drove him headlong running—
They kept him on the run.

The French in admiration,
For our brave martyr band,
Renamed the Wood—"Marines' Brigade";
So long as it will stand—
Each tree will represent a man
Who gave his life, to stay
The Horde of Huns, whose mighty force
Was turned back there that day.

LIEUTENANT WALTER R. FLANNERY

OUR stalwart Walter Flannery
With other *Keystone men,
Lent brawn and vim to win the War
In a hell-infested den:
He won a decoration,
When he swam through a shower of shot
Against the Marne's fleet current
And a comrade's life was bought.

*Other men mentioned for bravery in the Seventh Machine-Gun Battalion were Private C. L. Stewart of Pittsburgh, and Lieut. John T. Bissel: the latter also swam the Marne under machine-gun fire of his own Battalion, and carried a message which saved his two squads. Sergt. Wm. G. Meighan, 110th Inf. waited masked, fifteen hours in a gassed shell hole, every officer was put out of commission, and he led his company, when they reached him, took the German position and held it. Other names that won glory are Lieut. C. P. Rowan, Corp. Cobert E. Jeffrey, Major Thomas B. Anderson, Capt. John W. Woodend, Capt. Edward J. Stackpole and scores of others. (From Herbert Corey's Press Dispatches also those of George H. Seldes—and others.

THE WOOD OF THE MARINE BRIGADE

(Le Bois de la Brigade des Marines)
(Belleau Wood)

THE shallow trenches in the wheat,
Now overgrown with flowers,
Lead to the leafy vine draped wood
Where birds build amid the bowers—
"Marines' Brigade", named by the French—
A monument now towers.

The trees entwined with clematis
And holly, bright and red,
Here wave their boughs of great green plumes
Above the sleeping dead;
And myriad crosses mark the graves
Here where they nobly bled.

Eight thousand Fifth and Sixth Marines
Fought here and saved the day;
Three-fourths and more here felt the fire
So ravenous to slay;
But they who died, and they who lived,
Unvanquished, cleared the way.

Surrounded by machine-gun nests,
With rifle-butts, they drove
The sulking foes into the fray,
With war-like force of Jove;
All but the dead, dismayed and dazed,
Took flight within the grove.

That day, the mighty tide of war
Was dammed by one small band
The wave of death was rolled back toward
The Rhine and "Vaterland";
And Paris, France, Democracy
Revived at their brave stand.

"Breasting its nests of death,
they rushed
The gunners where they stood"

Chateau Thierry, Marne, Argonne,
And San Mihiel, all gave
Their living holocausts to a cause
They lost their lives to save;
But the dead who fledged the German flight
Lie buried in this woodland grave.

The following stanza was included in the first version as published in the Pasadena *Star News*, March 20, 1919.

The fame of the Fifth and Sixth Marines
Around the world will ring,
And their glorious fight for the U.S.A.
A glow of pride will bring.
Of Catlan's, Neville's, glorious deeds
America will sing!

The Second Division Bulletin quotes Howland A. Gibson, Newport, as saying: "During the high tide of the German Advance, a certain Division was rushed in trucks around through the outskirts of Paris and along the road towards Chateau Thierry. Passing through Meaux they began to meet refugees crowding the roads and the French territorials, who had been giving away slowly but steadily. This Division was thrown into the gap on June 1st, directly across the Paris-Metz Highway, where the Germans were nearest Paris. This was the Second Division of Regular Army troops, consisting of the Fifth and Sixth Marines, and the Ninth and Twenty-Third Infantry Regiments. And this is the Division par excellence in the eyes of the French; and some think it the best Division in any Army in the field. Without any artillery at first, and with no food except emergency rations, they stopped the Boches completely, and held the barrier all through June. There are four Divisions which stand out prominently for their splendid valorous records. These are the First and Second Regulars, the Forty-Second (Rainbow), and the New England Boys, the Twenty-Sixth Division. These are all veterans—shock troops—and quite the flower of our army. But the one above all that France will long remember with the deepest love and respect is the Second."

THE OLD FIGHTING TENTH

(At the Second Battle of the Marne)

OUR Companies B and C held
Near Juilly, in the curve
Where Marne's deep water parted Huns
From men who would not swerve
Though gas and shrapnel poured barrage
In hell-lit sheet of flame
To fall upon the "Fighting Tenth
Who "held on" and died game.

They held on in those trenches
Through showers of shot and shell
While mustard-gas was burning
Their bodies in that hell.
They donned their gas-masks bravely
And fought there four days—well,
Then "Devils Blue" and Twenty-eighths
Came rushing up pell-mell.

Facts from Rev. Dr. La Violette's account, Pittsburgh Ch. *Telegraph*, 1918. Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, February 14, 1919, says: "Capt. Ed Boyle organized the Tenth Regiment Machine-Gun Company in 1917, taking with him many boys of the Beaver Valley. It quotes him as follows: "We lost men everywhere. When we got to the Argonne Battle, I hardly had any men that originally belonged to the company. No matter where the attack, or where the advance of the 110th, 111th, and 112th Infantries, I always noticed that at whatever spot our Regiment went into the fray, that spot seemed picked out immediately and the hottest of action settled there. Our losses in some instances were very heavy. The cases of Company B of New Brighton, and C of Somerset, were perhaps the worst. These companies went into action at Chateau Thierry and were fighting alongside the French in the hottest battle imaginable, when for some reason, the French line backed up far enough to allow the Germans to partly surround the men of these two companies. 17 men of Company C and 50 or 60 of the New Brighton outfit were led back to the allied lines by Lieutenant Wm. Fish, after they literally had cut their way out, they were the only survivors of close to five-hundred men. Those who did not go down under the withering cross-fire of the Germans were captured." Capt. Ed. Boyle was a member of Company B of the *Fighting Tenth* in the Philippines during the Spanish American War and was on the Mexican border with the Tenth in 1916.

The Colonel* on the hill-top,
That overlooked the sight,
Was filled with grief, though he was proud
Of his men in the fight;
By Monday night, we knew the worst—
Brave Companies B and C
Had sorely spent their life-blood
To free Democracy.

All honor to the buddy,
Who though he lost both feet,
Could still forget himself, to ask—
"The Hun—has he been beat?
The Sergeant, with flesh gaping,
No sooner dressed his wound,
Observed:—"I've ammunition, and
Must finish up my round."

And Smith of Philadelphia
With not a hundred, then
Held back an entire regiment
Of tried machine-gun men;
And all his boys fought madly,
And used up every shot;
They gave up their lives gladly
To see the Huns get caught.

Ed Boyle of Beaver Falls, too,
The Captain of the Guns,
Was cited for his bravery,
And what he did to Huns.
The flower of Prussia's army
Fell down and bit the dust,
Their dream of world dominion—
Over! God is just!

From modest graves in Agnau,
Two names should stir the globe,

*Col. Kemp.

Houchard of Somerset, and
  Brave Clawson of Latrobe!
They manned their guns alone, and
  Piled high the German dead;
To die at last by our own shell—
  Martyrs! For us they bled!

Facing the Marne, our heroes
  Fell bravely in the fight;
Heaping German slain who
  Had felt their brawn and might.
Under a giant oak-tree
  Our boys lie side by side;
An honor to the Keystone State—
  And God! With whom they bide!

TO A BLUE DEVIL

(Le Diable Bleu)
An impression After Conversing with One.

YOU Devil Bleu, who saw Verdun
  And madly fought the ravening Hun,
And lived amid death and thunder—
Bombs that smite and shells that sunder—
You—who wielded bayonet
Yet will not tell the blood you let—
Have seen the rolling eyes of death
And dying comrades gasp for breath,
Your home laid waste, annihilated,
Wife or sweetheart desecrated.

Your aura breathes the tale to me—
Yet you seem calm as calm as can be,
With tranquil mien, and eye serene,
That mirrors not the Hell you've seen.

AURORA MARDIGANION

THAT thou should see the sights thou hast, and still
Have sight to see! Fathers, lovers, brothers,
Butchered, weltering in blood! The will
Of lustful Turks—thy sisters' fate and mother's:
Doomed to lingering death and desecration.
To tell the fearful deeds seen by thy eyes,
Thou sure were spared annihilation—
Thy destiny—to relate thy country's cries.

Aurora Mardiganion, thou hast
Not known a thousand deaths, and lived in vain
As thy faith triumphed over death at last,
So, too, Armenia shall rise again
From rotting bones to a place in the sun!
The Turk in leash and muzzled—hence must run!

Armenian girl of 16 who miraculously escaped death at the hands of the Turks, and was brought to this country by the Armenian Relief Committee to relate the atrocities she had witnessed. The author received a letter from Nora Waln, Publicity Secretary of the Committee, thanking her for the above sonnet and asking permission to use it in connection with the Relief Campaign in January, 1919. Also, from H. A. Thompson, Director Bureau of Publicity, American Red Cross, Pennsylvania Division, Philadelphia, Pa., when the writer was Chairman of the Ingram Red Cross Workroom in 1918, a letter was received stating "You are doing a very valuable work for the Red Cross. If all Chapters could get as much and as good publicity in the local papers throughout the country, it would be of incalculable benefit to the whole organization."

THE REFUGEES

THE moonlight streamed across the broken road,
Revealing gaps torn out by murderous bombs;
On either side, in outlines undefined,
Loomed awful sights, in gruesome groops—
The ravages of war's terrific sway.

To eyes inured to dusk, appeared a group
Of figures, indistinct,—a man, bowed down
On bended knees, poured forth an anguished prayer;
Then lifting up his voice, he called aloud:
"My God! My God! Hast Thou forsaken me
In these my failing years?"
Near, on the ground,
An aged woman lay, as she had fallen;
A boy, asleep, was pillowed on her breast.

For all along the way from Campiégne,
A stream of Refugees had poured that day;
Driven from homes, which they would see no more,—
Where, in past years, the fleeting hours had sped!
In those dear days of dalliance and love,
A house and garden, neatly bowered—on hillside—
Made a nest, where Grandpere had his home;
Here Jacques, his robust son, brought sweet Jeannette,
His bride, with silken curls, and laughing eyes,
To reign, and fill their latter years with joy.
Petit Pierre then came,—with baby-love
To overflow their cup of humble bliss.

The call "To Arms!" one day was heard, to wake
The village folk from their sweet dream of peace.
The Boches were at their doors! Paris, beloved,
Was threatened!

Answering the call at once,
Jacques was among the first.
The little group
Had bravely seen him go; one more embrace
For mother, dear, and father next, then Jeannette
Fondly pressing in a last farewell,
And snatching up Pierre for one more kiss,
Adieus were made with quivering sighs, yet tears
Controlled.
Commenced for them the weary watch;
But now and then a letter came from Jacques—
To say once more with pride: *"On ne passe pas"!*

Then came the hated Boches, with death entrain,
Through village streets, with clang of arms, and tramp
Of feet. While scurrying with blanching cheeks,
The villagers, alarmed, made all doors fast,
And hid their treasures from rapacious foes.
Brave citizens—the Mayor, and mere boys,
Guiltless, were stood against a wall and shot—
Accused of opposition to Hun might.
Horrors occurred, too base to be retailed;
Gray hairs got no respect from demon Boches;
Sweet babes, at mothers' breasts were slaughtered to
Adorn the points of bayonets! The devils
Cast the daughters out to rape, then "drunk
With blood," they maimed and mutilated children.

Marie, once laughter-loving, now so sad,
Looked up to meet the ravening eyes of Boches.
In vain petit Pierre, with cries of fear,
Clung to her skirts and cried:—*"Maman! Maman!"*
He saw her dragged by rough and bestial hands
To degradation, death, or worse—to spend
Her days in agonized travail and shame.

Grandmere tried hard to dry poor baby's tears
And hush his cries, for fear of hellish deeds
That menaced him. Then taking bread and some
Few things of use along the way, in haste,

The three had joined the Refugees, to trudge
The dusty road that led far from the place
They once called home.

Their weary limbs could not
Keep up with the younger ones, who all day long
In one great stream, had trod the dreary road.
The hot sun burned their bodies,—dried the milk
In breasts of mothers nursing babes,—whose wails
Rang out—most pitiful! While groans were heard
From those, who by the wayside bore new souls,
—To open eyes on world most terrible;
And little toddlers, babies whimpering
Still clung to mothers' hands; while some fell down
To die, before the help from Christian hearts
Could rescue them from their untimely end.

Nightfall had left the weary group of three
Far back along the road, until at last,
Grandmere with faltering steps, fell to the ground,
And dragged petit Pierre with her; he slept
The sleep of one outdone by weariness.
Grandpere of sturdy stock, in spite of age,
Had still strength to feel the awful anguish
Of his plight. The wreck of all his plans
Remained to years of rectitude and toil.
He knelt, his figure gaunt, his gray locks dank,
In rays of clear moonlight, his silhouette
Was cast against the dark background of earth.
His aged treble pierced the night,—he prayed
In agonized appeal to *"le bon Dieu"*.

That cry at night, by the good God was heard:
His messengers of love and mercy, which
By His dear care were placed along the way,
Rode forth,—now East and West, and North and South.
Their ambulances sped on broken roads
With stores of gauze to staunch the wounds of those
Who needed Him, in their dark hour of pain.
And one, stopped by a shell-hole in the road,

Now heard that anguished cry and traced it to
Grandpere and his poor charges.

Soon in beds
All nice and clean, their tired limbs reposed;
Refreshed, they woke at break of day, to find
Great joy awaiting them: Pierre espied
His *"Maman chere"*, by miracle, unharmed,
Escaped from Huns, who in their haste to get
Away from Devils Blue, forgot their prey—
Jeannette had fled at once, and joined the throng
Of Refugees, who yesterday had reached
At last the Red Cross Hut.

She here had found
A letter from her Jacques, to say,—he sailed
With the Allies,—all sound, though weak from wound—
United States as guests had sent, that day,
On *"bon voyage"*, *"les Diables Bleus"* to see
Their land—to there regain the strength they'd spent,
To serve *"la France"*,—*"la belle patrie"*, so *"chere"*,
And now he wore *"le Croix de Guerre"* with pride,
And stripes on sleeves, to show he'd fought three years.
At Verdun, in those dreadful days of siege,
A fragment from a bursting shell had struck
And wounded him as he was rescuing
A dying friend, who fell in "No Man's Land";
Reaching his lines, he dropped when at the trench;
But now with loving care, was getting well;
Before returning to the front, he hoped
To see them all again.

Also the news:
A sum was given by a generous "club"—
(*"Americain"*), providing for Pierre;
Adopted, now he'd thrive in his own France,
To grow in beauty, health and love—at home.
And then our Refugees, with tears of joy,
Knelt down and thanked *"bon Dieu"* whose envoys true
"A band of mercy reaching around the Earth"
Unites us all in His encircling love,—
In spite of differences of creed or land,—
A vast community of souls:—The Great Red Cross!

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THE PROCESSION OF THE ELECT

Dedicated to The Red Cross Nurses of the World War

RED Cross Nurses who sacrifice self to the "call"
In rare uplift of soul, for a life-work repaid,
"Part and parcel" of God's holy plan,—lest they fall—
Safely guarded by angels, their tribute is made
As an offering laid on His altar—for all.

Truly wonderful are the events of these days,
And to those who take part a broad vision is lent;
They are freed by a love, quite so vast—doth amaze—
From all narrow and selfish home claims, to be sent
On a mission of mercy, which reaches to all.

O the souls that are dead to all brotherly love!
To whose ears come no sound of the agonized cry
Of the wounded, whose life ebbs away,—wafts above,
Ere they move to his aid, if but vainly to try
To send home to a mother, a son who gave all.

Not for them is the joy from the knowledge of good
Done for those young lives, spent so unselfishly now
For the right! Not for them, is the thought, that they could
If they would, march in step with elect, and I trow,
Fly the banners of Faith, Hope, and Love over all!

THE COURT OF PEACE*

1919

THE Prince of Peace is holding Court,
And all the great attend:
America and Italy
And ally England send
Their leaders "over there"; and each
Goes forth to meet a Friend.

The Host holds open house today
To those who love His ways;
For sunny France has lent her halls,
So rich in storied lays;
She bids the Prince abide therein
To rule through all her days.

The Prince with smiling mien receives:
They come, great states and small,
In haste to enter in betimes,
In answer to the call;
But those who enter there must know
The passwords: "One for All".

*All do not yet know the passwords.